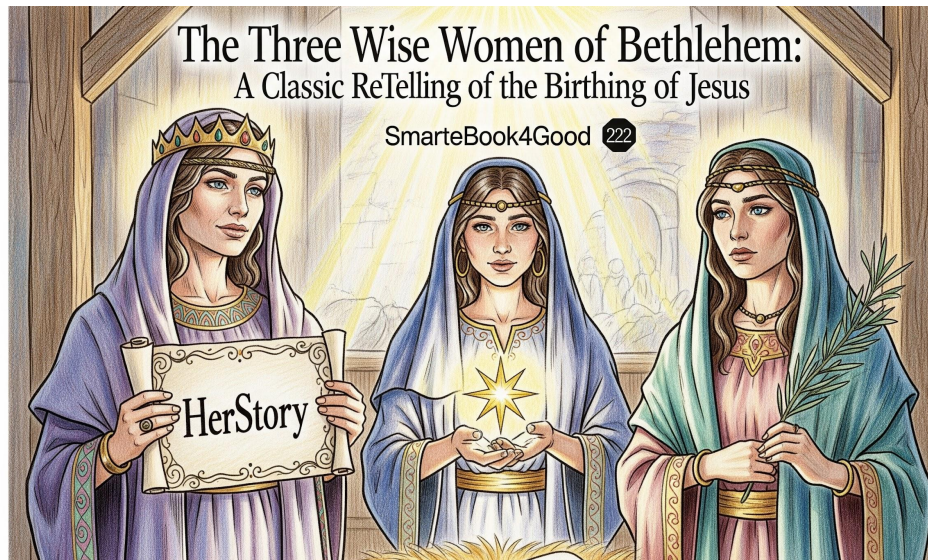




Evaluation by the Team of All-Female Data Spelunkers

Our team has completed the analysis of the document, "*The Three Wise Women of Bethlehem: A Classic ReTelling of the Birthing of Jesus*"¹. This "SmarteBook4Good" ²²²is presented as a "Classic ReTelling" ³that reframes the traditional nativity story with a focus on female agency and wisdom (HerStory)⁴.

Supported by <https://bit.ly/WomenOfWorld2025>

Deep Dive Narrative

<https://archive.org/details/her-stories-birthing-jesus-unsung-womens-labor>

Core Narrative Analysis

The story centers on Rose, a 10-year-old girl ⁵⁵who is "wiser than her 10 years would suggest" ⁶⁶and is responsible for feeding the family horses⁷⁷⁷⁷.

Character	Role in the Narrative	Key Action(s)
Rose	The protagonist and "wise" girl ⁸⁸⁸⁸ .	She notices the strange donkey and feeds it ⁹ . Crucially, she notices the young, pregnant woman (Mary) is alone and in labor ¹⁰ and wakes her mother for help ¹¹ .
Rose's Momma	The first midwife/helper ¹²¹² .	She responds immediately to Rose's call ¹³¹³¹³¹³ , sends Rose to fetch water ¹⁴ , and moves Mary to a better spot in the stable ¹⁵ .
Grandmama Esther	The elder, experienced	She brings her "bag of potions" ¹⁷¹⁷¹⁷¹⁷ ,

	midwife ¹⁶¹⁶¹⁶¹⁶ .	takes Rose on as her helper ¹⁸ , and manages the birth ¹⁹¹⁹ . She justifies Rose's presence by stating her intuition that the baby is "more important than any other" ²⁰ .
Mary	The young woman giving birth ²¹²¹²¹²¹ .	She is alone, pale, and in pain ²²²²²²²² . She gives birth to a boy ²³²³²³²³ , who does not cry much ²⁴ .

Key Thematic Findings (HerStory Focus)

- **Female Duty and Unfairness:** Rose's duty to tend the animals is contrasted with her four brothers not having to do anything²⁵. Her mother and cousins faced the same situation, framing this as a historical gender dynamic²⁶.

- **Intuition and Recognition:** Rose's wisdom and quick action initiate the entire event²⁷²⁷²⁷²⁷. Grandmama Esther's intuition overrides social norms and allows Rose to stay and learn the "magical art of birthing"²⁸²⁸²⁸²⁸.
- **The Birthing Community:** The story culminates in the three generations of women—Esther, Rose's Momma, and Rose—working together to bring the baby into the world²⁹. The closing scene depicts Rose being welcomed into the "community of women that help with birthing of others"³⁰.
- **Joseph's Supporting Role:** The man (implied to be Joseph) is present but is a supportive observer³¹. His actions—a smile of gratitude³², a tear in his eye, and gently holding the baby³³—emphasize emotional connection and partnership rather than primary action.

Publishing Context

- **Publisher:** 7th Generational Publishing/Development³⁴³⁴³⁴³⁴.
- **Format:** "SmarteBook4Good" 2025 InteReACTIVE Edition³⁵³⁵³⁵, released as part of the "Season 4 Giving 2016" four Ebook set³⁶.

- Goal: The publisher actively seeks suggestions for more global "HerStories" ³⁷ and promotes a concept of "Thinking Cooperatively"³⁸.

This retelling successfully shifts the focus from magi and kings to the invaluable, yet often unsung, labor and inherited wisdom of women in a historical setting.

Would you like the team to create an original "HerStory" continuation focusing on Rose's life as a young midwife?

A “SmarteBook4Good” 2025 InteReACTIVE Edition

The Three Wise Women of Bethlehem

A Classic ReTelling of the Birthing of Jesus

Rose had always been wiser than her 10 years would suggest, or so said her Grandmama, Esther, who had been named for her own grandmother. Being wise didn't make getting up in the middle of the night to feed the family horses, in that smelly stable next door, any more pleasant. But what was a girl to do, since her 4 brothers didn't have to do anything at all. And being the older of two girls, her young sister, Sharon, only 2 now, meant that it was her duty to tend the animals. It didn't seem fair, but her own momma, and her female cousins, all had the same situation. Like her Grandmama said, that's the way our world works, and her smile always seemed to make it much better. Kicking off the thin sheet and blanket from her own bed, which she shared with her two younger brothers,

Rose slowly rose and walked quietly through the room where her family, all 11 of them, were snoring and sleeping. She was very careful to tip toe around Grandpapa, since everyone knew he was a light sleeper, and as Momma said, he needed his sleep before the next day.

Dressing quickly in her simple dress, Rose opened the door, and walked outside, in the chill air to the stable opening, and moved along the wall of stone, to the stall where Samuel, the family horse, was standing. No one else knew that his name was Samuel, it was their secret. Checking on his feedbag, Rose saw that the animal next to him, was a donkey, that looked like he could use some food, so without another thought, she fixed two feedbags up, and hitched them to the animals so they could eat and be strong for the next day's walk. Glancing around the stable, she saw something that seemed different from the last night, and walking softly on the straw on the floor, peeked

through the wooden slats separating the stalls. Her eyes grew large, as she saw a young woman, not much older than her own Momma, laying back on a blanket, and even though she was only 10, Rose knew that this woman was going to have a baby. Her round belly, covered in blankets, was quite larger than this small woman, and the other thing Rose noticed, that there were none of the usual women around her. That was not right. Even she knew that much. Standing in the darkened stall for another few moments, Rose was startled to hear a low keening moan, coming from the woman in front of her

Getting up quickly, she ran to the inn, and opened the door to her family's room. Walking softly to her Momma's bed, she shook her shoulder gently, until she awoke. Her Momma, seeing her through sleepy eyes, looked startled, but Rose leaned over to her ear, and said "Momma, come quickly. There's a woman that needs your help."

Taking her hand, she led her Momma through the room, and into the stable, and showed her, through the wooden rails, what she had seen. Watching her Momma closely, Rose saw her glance once at the young woman, barely her own age, and quickly, both the woman and her daughter, walked around the wall, and went to the woman's side.

The woman, pale and sweaty, looked up in the dim light of the tallow candles, and tried to smile through the pained look on her face. Rose's Momma, taking a piece of her own shirt, tore it off, and handed it to Rose. "Rush to the well, and soak this and hurry back." Rose ran off, since her Momma hardly ever took that tone of voice with her, unless it was really important. Running off across the inn's main plaza, she yanked on the well handle, and soon, the water soaked the rag, and she ran back to the stable. Her Momma had moved the woman to another part of the stable, away from the door, and quickly took the soaked rag, and bathed the

woman's face. "Her name is Mary", said her Momma.

"And she's ready to have a baby. Go fetch your Grandmama, and tell her to bring her bag of potions and tell her what's going on here." "Now, be quick, and make sure you don't wake anybody up."

Rose went to her Grandmama's bedchamber, and though it took longer to awaken her, when the message about the young woman was whispered into Grandmama's ear, she also rose at once. Gathering her bags and potions, Esther hurried to the stable, knowing that moments would mean everything to the young woman. Glancing at Rose by her side, Esther smiled, and leaned over to say "Rose, you are a smart girl, and today you will be my helper with this woman." "I know you are ready, so stay close to me." Before another minute had run off the clock, Esther and Rose joined the woman, who's breathing had become labored, and who's face carried a shiny coating that the candles

seemed to make more intense. Esther quickly stepped to her side, and leaned over to whisper in her ear, and asked her about her labor. Rose, standing nearby, as she'd been instructed, was pushed away by her Momma, but Esther stopped them both, looked at her own daughter, and said "Rose is the reason we are all here. I think it's time for her to learn this woman's world, with us tonight." "My intuition tells me that this baby is more important than any other that we've ever seen."

With that, Rose's Momma and Grandmama stooped closer to the woman, and as Rose watched, a shadow appeared on the wall above them, and she looked around slowly, with an almost frightened glance. There stood a man, tall and bearded, with shiny eyes, and a creased brow. Rose smiled at him and he returned a smile of gratitude. Quickly looking back to her Momma and Grandmama, Rose watched with wide eyes, as the young woman went through a series of painful moans and breathing spells. Rose

drew closer, so as to understand what the women of her family knew, hoping to learn this magical art of birthing.

As Rose watched with ever widening eyes, her Grandmama went about her work, leaning closer to the woman, Mary, each moment. The sounds of breathing and the soft moans, almost sounding like an apology, made Rose a little nervous. Holding the water jug close, so that the wet toweling would be fresh for Mary, Rose watched as the three older women worked together, until at once, there was a sudden sound like water pouring on a table. Rose watched with wonder, while listening to her Mother softly explain about the water breaking inside of a woman, and then, before her own eyes, she saw a head appearing between the legs of Mary. Rose was so amazed, she forgot to be scared, and in just a few moments, the head became a whole little baby, wiggling out to the waiting hands of her Grandmama.

Mary seemed to relax then and her body went limp. Quickly following the hushed directions from her Mother, Rose watched as the new baby boy (even she knew that was a boy), was washed and wiped clear of the white and dark red covering that had coated his small body. Seemed odd that this one didn't cry much, and seemed oddly happy to be in the world. Rose felt something smarting her eyes, and wiping away a tear from her cheek, she felt like the sun was shining on her, even though it was not yet morning outside. Rose was given the little boy then, wrapped up in the swaddling clothing that Mary had nearby, and holding the little boy close to her like she'd been taught, Rose moved closer to Mary, and laid the new baby boy into her arms, and watched as the magic of the connection from Mother to child swirled in the low light of the morning.

Looking up, Rose saw the man, standing nearby, with a tear in his own eye, and she smiled as he moved closer to Mary, and leaning close, kissed the woman, and then, with his strong hands, picked up the little boy, and held him close to his face. His eyes, glistening with moisture, appeared to be of the sort, that saw wisdom each day, and his hands, though rough from the toil of a daily craft, held the baby as gently as anyone she'd ever seen. Feeling a tug on her shoulder, Rose let herself be led away, by her Mother, listening to the soft crooning of Mary, humming the old baby's song that Rose remembered from her own younger sisters early days.

As the three women moved away from the stable, the early light of the morning arose, and showed how the small stable, though dark, seemed to have a soft glow, rising from the entrance. Each woman, feeling a special moment had passed, whispered a prayer of thanks that another young baby had entered the world, and the mother,

**though young, had lived through the time.
As they moved back to the inn, Rose's
Mother and Grandmama, both held her
hands, and passed a blessing over her head,
welcoming her, even though a young girl, to
the community of women that help with
birthing of others. Rose felt so much older
now, and vowed to follow in her familys'
path for as long as she lived.**

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